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WONDERINGS
and
OTHER THINGS

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

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WONDERINGS AND OTHER THINGS

WHEN IT WAS HOT THEY'D WATER ME

Spring Planting

WONDERINGS
AND OTHER THINGS

BY

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY
ANNE MERRIMAN PECK

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TO

LEWIS CHASE, A.M., PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF POETRY AT THE
ANGLO-ORIENTAL COLLEGE
ALIGARH, INDIA

Friend, whose creative sympathy
Has bidden this my book to be,
Who waked these childish wonderings,
And thoughts, and dreams, and questionings,
Out of a shy and secret past,
To grow articulate at last;
And stirring memory, bred thereby
Thought of all childhood's What and Why;
Your modesty disclaims my debt,
Yet, since 'twere churlish to forget
To whom that quickening was due,
Its fruits I dedicate to you.

E. K. W.

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WONDERINGS AND OTHER THINGS

SPRING PLANTING

HEN Father makes the garden
I love to watch him hoe,
And dig and rake, and take the seeds,
And plant them in a row.
The earth it smells so good in it,
I wish I could be stood in it,
For Father says he thinks perhaps
That that would make me grow.

Of course he says my feet, then,
Would often be so wet
That Mother'd fuss, and wring her hands,
And pull me up, he'd bet.
And mud!—that she'd have none of it!
But oh, just think, the fun of it!
When it was hot they'd water me,
And then how cool I'd get!

And there would be the moonlight,
The garden sweet and still,
With everything but me asleep—
I wouldn't sleep until

I'd grown so awful sleepy that
I had to—or so *creepy* that—
Good gracious me! I never thought!
Why, I might catch a chill!

Of course that sometimes happens;
Queer feelings in your head,
Or anywhere, are *dangerous,*
And you might soon be *dead!*
Or there might come a spook at you,
And if it came to look at you,
You might—oh dear! I think at *night*
I'd go upstairs to bed!

"AND IN THE WATER THERE WAS I!"

THE BROOK

KNELT beside the brook one day,
To watch the water flowing,
And, by a stone, the tired way
It rested it from going.

And there were brown, and green, and blue,
All mingled in together,
With dancing gold, and shadows, too,
For it was sunny weather.

And in the water there was I!
A tiny fish swam through me,
And through the trees, and through the sky . . .
The queerest thoughts came to me . . .

It seemed as if I'd always known
How water felt, a-flowing . . .
I was the water by the stone
That rested it from going.

But soon I felt me running round
The stone, to flow on . . . gleaming . . .
And then . . . why, then, of course, I found
That I had just been dreaming!

LAUGHED AT

I HATE it that they laugh at me,
When I don't understand;
I think it's not polite to be
So teasing and so grand.
There's something down inside that aches,
When they all laugh at my mistakes.

I just guess they were little once,
And often got things wrong;
And anyhow, 'f I *am* a dunce,
Why, I sha'n't be one long!
But it is hard to *wait* to know,
When everybody's laughing so.

Course Mother says I mustn't mind—
She always sides with me;
But Father laughs, though he is kind,
And takes me on his knee,
And cuddles me, and says, "There, there!"
But it is pretty hard to bear.

'Cause Bobby snickers, and Pauline,
She giggles loud, right out,
And I don't know just what they mean,
Or what it is about.

It's all so quick—and I feel shy,
And very queer, and then I cry.

When I grow up, and any one
Gets something wrong, I'll sit
Quite quietly, and not make fun,—
I just won't notice it . . .
There's something down inside that aches,
When people laugh at your mistakes!

THE CLOCK

SHOULDN'T like to be the clock,
And first say tick, and then say tock,
And never go to sleep at all,
And always stay there in the hall.

I'd hate just going round and round,
And know that surely I'd be wound
On Sunday night to go a week,
And only strike, and never speak.

If *I* were it I'd run away
As fast as anything, some day,
And strike and strike till I was done!
Oh, wouldn't that be lots of fun?

The family would all come quick,
And think the clock was taken sick;
And I would whirr and groan a lot,
And they would wonder what I'd got!

And then—oh, that would be the best!
I'd stop, and I would rest and rest.
And Father, he would shake his head,
And say, "Poor thing! it must be dead!"

But when I'd slept a whole week long,
Then as if there'd been nothing wrong,
I'd start up suddenly to go,
And why I'd stopped they'd never know!

THE PHŒBE BIRD

HE Phœbe Bird said, "Pity me!"
And I said, "That I won't!
You've got four babies in your nest,
And why you mourn so you know best,
Because I'm sure I don't!"

But she just said, "Oh, pity me!"
And I said, "Why? The cat
Might get them? Well, of course he *might,*
But probably they'll be all right—
I wouldn't cry for *that!*"

She said it all again, when I
Said, "S'pose your babies *do*
Get wheezles or the moping cough,
They're far too little to fly off,
And grubs will pull them through."

But "Pity, pity, pity me!"
She sang, and I said, "Oh,
You think your housework hard, but you
Don't have to sweep and bake, and—pooh!
You simply *couldn't* sew!"

If I could only sing and fly,
Oh, dear, what fun 't would be!
I wouldn't sit and coax and coax
That the poor walking, talking folks
Should ever pity *me!*

MY DOG

AN *your* dog waltz on his hind toes,
And flip a cracker from his nose?
And open doors 'most like a man,
And bring the muzzle that he wears,
And be "dead dog," and say his prayers?
My dog can!

And will he go when he is bid,
And look for something where it's hid,
Across the road, and up the hill,
By snuffing of the trail you've made
To find the place where it is laid?
My dog will!

And does he creep upstairs at night
And snuggle up against you *tight,*
Ev'n though he hears the door bell buzz,
When some one comes? He feels, you see,
That he would rather be with me,
My dog does!

And when you've somehow lost your sand,
Does he just somehow understand
That you don't feel so very good?
And would he stick through thick and thin,

Whatever trouble you were in?
My dog would!

Oh, other dogs are good enough,
I s'pose, but my dog—he's the stuff!
I wouldn't boast, but then—gee whiz!
Course anybody's dog seems fine
To *him,* but—well, you see, he's ***mine,***
My dog is!

VISITING

IT'S very dark up here in bed,
Away up two whole stories—
I wish I was at home, instead—
I just 'most wish that I was dead!
I can't see where the door is,
Or where the 'lectric light went out,
Or where they pulled the curtain;
I'm just 'most scared to death, about—
Oh, would they hear if I should shout?
I wish I knew for certain!

A brother or a sister would
Be lots of help, alone here;
I'd put the light on if I could—
Oh, dear! I think there really should
Be children that had *grown* here!
They'd show me 'bout things when we played,
And 'twouldn't be so lonesome,
And then I wouldn't be so 'fraid.
Oh, dear! if only Mother'd stayed
At home till I had grown some!

I 'most believe I'm going to cry,
Although I'm trying not to—

I wonder if that door's near by,
And I can find it if I try—
I just 'most think I've *got* to!
I s'pose that Mother'll think she's got
A scary little daughter,
But I don't care 'f I am or not—
"Mother, Mother, *Mother*—wha-a-at?
I want a drink of wa-a-a-ter!"

POOR THINGS

H, I should hate to lie around
'As Things do, laid in drawers,
Or hung on hooks, or on the ground,
Or on the shelves in stores.

And never hear, and never see,
And never eat my meals—
How *queer,* and *horrid,* not to be
The way a Person feels!

A Thing can never move, a bit,
Not even the littlest way,
Unless a Person touches it,
But there it has to stay.

Of course a clock, if it is wound,
Will move, and running brooks;
And wind can wander all around,
But I mean Things like books,

And chairs, and tables, and your hat,
And shoes, and clothes, and bed,
And chiffonier, and Things like that—
I'm glad I'm me, instead!

Because I know I just would *hate*
To wait, so patiently . . .
Just wait, and wait . . . and *wait* and
WAIT,
Till some one wanted me!

SO LITTLE AND ALONE

HEN I woke up the other night,
The world was all asleep;
I felt so strange—it wasn't fright,
I knew of course I was all right,
But something hurt, down deep.

I felt so little, and alone,
And somehow far away
From everything I'd ever known;
I thought that I heard something groan—
I wished that it were day.

Against the sky the old elm tree
Was fast asleep, and far
Beyond its branches I could see,
Twinkling as if it looked at me
Through tears, one tiny star.

Poor little star! so lonely thère—
And nothing I could do
To comfort it. I couldn't bear
To think it had no one to care
For it, so I cried, too.

And then I felt so bad I crept
To Mother, 'cross the hall,
And she reached out for me and kept
Me with her, and I *s'pose* we slept,
'Cause—well—I guess that's all!

THE TRAVELING TREE

OW queer it would be
To be big, like a tree,
And yet always be growing and growing!
And like it or not,
Just to stand in one spot,
Even when it was snowing or blowing.

Oh, how tired you'd get,
Standing there in the wet,
When it rained, and your branches were dripping;
And you'd groan, and say "Whoo!"
When the winter wind blew,
And you'd snap when the frost came a-nipping.

But when it came Spring,
And you heard the birds sing,
And took care of them all through their nesting,
I suppose you'd forget
All the wind and the wet,
And you'd stand there just happy, and resting.

"YOU COULD PULL UP YOUR ROOTS AND GO WALKING!"

I suppose then you'd know
What the leaves whisper low
When they sound just as if they were talking—
If they *wouldn't* tell you,
I know what you could do—
You could pull up your roots and go walking!

How you'd *splather* around
On the top of the ground!—
And I shouldn't be *s'prised* if you stumbled,
But oh, what a lark
To go off in the dark!—
Though 'twould be pretty bad if you tumbled!

When you'd traveled a mile
You could rest for a while,
By just digging your toes in and growing;
You could go *everywhere,*
And how people would stare
At a tree that kept going and going!

But if you had no boots
For your feet—I mean roots—

You might *stub* them, or something or other—
Then where would you be?
If it happened to me—
Well, I guess I'd just run home to Mother!

THE LEAF SHADOW FAIRIES

(This was a Grown-Up Person)

I LAY and drowsed within my tent
One summer afternoon;
Without, the rain being newly spent,
There fluttered, laughing as it went,
A merry wind of June.

And of a sudden, as I lay,
There flashed in furious fun,
Upon the wall, a great array—
A throng of madcap things at play,
That danced with wind and sun.

They leapt and capered, whirled and skipped,
And then they curtseyed low!
Sometimes they turned, and turning, slipped,
But bravely up they got, and tripped
Demurely to and fro.

I looked and laughed—and nodded, too,
As if they danced to tunes;
And watched to see, as wonder grew,

Just what Leaf Shadow Fairies do
On summer afternoons.

And as I watched that flittering crowd
Of elves, so glad and gay,
I feared that I should laugh aloud—
When, pouf! There came a big black cloud,
And frightened them away!

SOMETHING ALL WRONG

THINK grown-up people are queer
as can be—
They laugh so at things that they say
That are not a bit funny—at least not to
me—
And they don't know at all how to play.

When you're making believe they pretend
it's all so,
And they make believe they're playing too;
And they act as if *they* thought that *you*
didn't *know*
That you're playing pretend—but you do!

Of course making believe is all right when
you're small,
But it's foolish for grown-ups to play,
'Cause they know all the time that it's not
true at all,
Though they talk in the silliest way.

Now when you are alone you can just play
along,
And pretend to believe that it's true,

But when grown-ups pretend so, there's
something all wrong,
'Cause you know they just do it for you.

And you can't play a bit when they mix you
up so—
When I play I don't have to be *shown*—
'Course they don't *mean* to bother—I s'pose
they don't know—
But I just wish they'd let me alone!

NOT FAIR

I USED to think if I could grow
To be as old as Jim,
That somehow I'd *catch up,* and go
To bed late, just like him.
But always he's ahead of me
In everything we do,
Because,—well, Jim himself, you see,
Is getting older too.

Now I am old enough to go
To bed at eight, why he
Stays up till nine o'clock or so—
He's *never* gone with me.
I s'pose he'll wear long trousers, too,
While I am still a kid,
And do the things he wants to do,
While I do what I'm bid.

Well, anyhow, I'll soon be ten.
This catching up is slow,
But some day we shall both be men,
And then I guess I'll show
That I am just as good as he,

And can be bossy, too,
And if he calls me "Kid"—well, Gee!
He'll see what I will do!

If we'd a brother older'n Jim
To order *him* about,
And call *him* "Kid," and laugh at *him*
Awhile, then he'd find out
Just how it feels. It makes me cross
The way a family's run—
There's nobody for *me* to boss,
'Cause I'm the youngest one!

YOUNG TROUBLES

THINK it's just silly that first teeth
come out!
My Uncle Dick says that he hasn't a
doubt
That I run on my rims (he means gums!),
'cause my smile
Has been punctured!—but new teeth come
after awhile!

And I told him so, too, but he chuckled at
me,
And he said that the worst of *that* matter—
I'd see!—
Would be this—that when they had grown
out into place,
I would find them too big for so little a
face!

And I said, "I just think it is horrid to
tease!"
Then he laughed, and he said, "And your
tongue's going to freeze
Through that hole, when you're out in the
cold, if you smile.
No—I can't say I like it—it's crabbing your
style!"

And I said to him then, "I am going away,
And I'll never come back till I'm grown up, some day,
A big lady with trains to her dresses, and hair
Done with hairpins and things. I'm just going—so there!"

But my Uncle Dick hugged me so hard, that unless
He is horrid again, I won't go now, I guess,
'Cause he kissed me and whispered, "Now, Honeybird, who
Loves you *desp'rit?*" I laughed then, and said, "I—s'pose—you!"

BUBBLES

OH, why do the bubbles come out of the pipe
When you dip it in suds and blow?
And why do they float when the bubbles get ripe
And the colors change and glow?
Then up they go, up, up in the air,
Up, higher and higher, till nothing is there,
And you're dizzy with watching them go!

And where do the pictures in bubbles come from,
Of the clouds in the sky so blue?
You blow and you blow, and the bubble-clouds come,
And they're just like the real ones, too.
They grow with the rest of the pipe-bubble-world,
Then off it is shaken, and up it is whirled,
Far away from the garden and you.

Some bubbles won't rise—when you start them they fall—
Of course it's their weight, I know,

Because houses and trees are so heavy, and
all,
And weigh down a poor bubble so!
Sometimes they will bounce for a little at
first,
But soon get so tired they give up and
burst—
And then where do their pictures go?

If I could go up in a bubble and float,
Up, up in the blue so high,
I'd visit the clouds in my pipe-bubble-boat,
A queer little speck in the sky!
And I'd glitter all rosy and gold in the sun,
If I were a bubble-child—oh, but what fun!
There'd be no one so happy as I!

"YOU BLOW AND YOU BLOW AND THE BUBBLE CLOUDS COME."

CONSEQUENCES

I HAVE been bad again—had a temper, I mean—
I'm the naughtiest girl that she ever has seen,
Mother says. I can't think where that temper came *from,*
But it did come, and I was just awful to Tom.

Somehow, I just *wanted* to hurt all I could.
Tom didn't say much—he says talk is no good—
But Mother says Tom's such a gentleman, he
Wouldn't scold at a girl—and I guess he liked me.

But oh, dear! I suppose that he won't any more!
How I wish I had *known* that he wouldn't, before
I was horrid! For Tom was a pretty good friend,
And Mother says feelings aren't easy to mend.

All day he has stayed by himself in his yard,
Though I've offered to play as *he* likes, and tried hard
To show him I'm sorry. I am, too, *inside.*
But he won't speak to me, though I've tried, and I've tried!

And Mother, she says that she hopes now I see
That I *must* think of others, instead of just me.
Well, I guess I will—*now* . . . I think Tom would come quick
If he *knew* how I felt—'cause I'm just *sorry-sick!*

CHUMS

Y Teddy dog, he understands,
When I don't feel just right.
He looks at me and licks my hands,
And acts as if *he* might
'Most cry in just a minute, too,
When that is what he sees me do—
And then I hug him tight.

He is so soft and warm and kind,
That—well, no matter what
Has happened, I don't seem to mind.
I care, but it is not
Like being all alone to cry,
When you can't stop, although you try—
He comforts me a lot.

He looks so puzzled, and so sad,
I stop, and stroke his head.
He wags his tail then, he's so glad,
And it's as if he said,
"Stop crying, and let's go and play;
You mustn't sit like this all day—
Let's have some fun, instead."

He's 'most as good as children, too,
To play with. 'Course he's dumb,
But we find lots of things to do . . .
And sometimes he will come
And wag at me, and Daddy'll say,
All chuckly, in the funniest way,
"Well, Kiddie, here's your chum!"

Of course he's just a dog, I know,
But—well, if Teddy died,
I'm sure a dog like him would go
To heaven, and if he cried,
They'd let him in, because he'd be
So human—they would surely see
That he's like *folks* inside!

SHE MEANT WELL

HEY'RE always saying "Hush!" at me,
When I'm explaining how
Things really are, and I don't see
What is the matter now.
I just was telling Mrs. Hall
That Auntie wasn't *out*
That other day she came to call—
And she said, "Oh, no doubt!"

Now Auntie *was* upstairs in bed,
And didn't want to dress.
"I can't be bothered to," she said;
It was too hot, I guess.
And what I said was really *true,*
But they said "Hush!" to me.
I never know what I can do—
They never let me be!

It's always "Hush!" or "Now, there, there!"
Or sometimes, "That will do!"
Or, in a way I just can't bear,
"Now that's enough from *you!*"

I think it's mean, 'cause, any way,
I don't say things to *tease*—
When I grow up I'm going to say
Exactly what I please!

A HARD WORLD

H, gee! I can't make Mother see
That when Dad gave that ball to me,
I didn't *mean* to break the glass,
Or hit the people when they pass,
Or trample up the flower-bed,
Or bump Louisa in the head,
Or finish out the game before
I did the errand at the store.

I never thought of running *far*
In front of that old touring car
To get the ball—but three-old-cat
Just makes you jump when Bud's at bat.
But when I said I never thought
To do a thing I hadn't ought,
She acted 's if I'd *wanted* to!
And just said, "There now, that will *do!*"

And now the ball is put away—
She says until I learn to play
'Thout breaking things, and hitting folks.
I know when it's no use to coax,
But I don't care!—'f I play at all,
I can't play silly, sissy ball!
I've *got* to throw, and bat, and run—
A fellow's got to have *some* fun!

MOTHER AND ME

I LIKE to go at twilight,
And sit in Mother's lap,
And snuggle down all snoozy—
I don't mean for a nap,
But just to talk together
About the long ago,
When Mother was a little girl.
Of course she was, I know.

But it does seem so queer, though,
That she was ever small!
I think and think about it,
But can't believe at all
That she once felt as I do,
'Bout faults and things, you know—
But sometimes it is comforting,
Because she says it's so.

And I suppose it must be,
She understands so well
Just how I feel about things,
When *I* can hardly tell!
She says she wasn't *always*
As good as she could be;
I snuggle closer to her, then,
For that's so much like me!

THE WINDS

H, when the wind comes stealing
From far and far away,
You have the strangest feeling
There's something it could say.
It whispers, whispers, trying
To tell the thing it knows,
But somehow can't, and sighing,
Away, away, it goes.

And sometimes it comes singing
A song of fairyland,
A secret message bringing,
I *almost* understand.
I see the flowers rousing,
And nodding when they hear,
But soon again they're drowsing . . .
I think that winds are queer.

I wonder if the wild winds
Are those grown old and sad?
Oh, I love best the child winds,
So little, and so glad!
And are the gusty high winds
The big boy winds at play?

They're not so nice as my winds,
That laugh and run away!

When winter winds are howling,
And all is gray and cold,
The poor old world seems scowling,
And sorry, too, and old.
But when a child wind's blowing
Out of a sky all blue,
To set the green things growing,
The world seems *glad,* and *new!*

"AND SOMETIMES IT COMES SINGING A SONG OF FAIRYLAND."

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

H, I love Christmas! It's such fun,
With secrets everywhere,
And all the shopping to be done,
And parcels coming, one by one—
Why, you can hardly bear
To wait, to see the lumpy things,
With funny, crissy-crossy strings,
And queer ones that the postman brings—
(You *feel* them when you dare!)

And oh, the things you mustn't tell!
(That's pretty hard for me).
The gifts you make—the lovely smell
Of all they cook and bake, as well
As greens and celery—
And everybody whispering,
And quickly hiding everything—
The popcorn that you have to string,
To hang upon the tree—

Oh dear! but it is hard to wait
So long for Christmas Day!
Why, though I usually hate
To have to go to bed at eight—

I'd so much rather play—
At Christmas time the clock's so slow,
(It's very queer, but it is so,)
That Christmas Eve I *want* to go,
To sleep the time away!

SPRING RAIN

"Of water and the Spirit."

AST night 'twas winter in the world,
And cold, cold winds were blowing;
Then . . . it was still . . . away they whirled . . .
I heard them, going . . . going . . .
Until there was not any sound,
But just an empty feeling.
Then . . . little winds came whispering round . . .
A strange, sweet breath came stealing.

I stood outside the door alone,
To wait for what seemed coming—
Something I felt I'd always known . . .
There came a sort of drumming.
It was the rain. I loved that so,
I don't know how to tell it!
The air grew wet and sweet, and oh,
The earth—I loved to smell it!

I breathed and breathed, and opened wide
My arms. My face I lifted.

The stars came out . . . sometimes they'd
hide
Where the dark clouds had drifted,
And then once more would come the rain.
So lovingly 'twas falling,
I felt a sort of happy pain,
At something calling . . . calling . . .

It made we wonder more and more
Just what the rain was giving . . .
Something that wasn't there before
Had come—and it was *living.*
'Twas something that I loved. It *knew.*
I felt it all around me,
And knew it somehow loved me, too . . .
I'm glad it came and found me!

FIRELIGHT

LOVE to light the fire, at night,
And watch the wood, all snappy,
And when the fire is burning bright,
To see the room grow happy.

The shining and the shadows play
At catching one another;
The room looks on and laughs, the way
That Father would, or Mother.

Sometimes a room seems old and sad,
But when the firelight's gleaming,
At first it looks waked up, and glad,
And then . . . as if 'twere dreaming. . . .

THE LITTLE CHINESE BOY

SAW a little Chinese boy,
Who had a funny Chinese toy;
His clothes were queer as queer could be;
I looked at him, and he at me.
His hair was very straight and black,
And it was braided down his back.
His eyes were black, and slanting, too,
Of course that was the way they grew.
His face was yellow, yet 'twas pink
As well—that's queer, I think!
He wore a round black satin cap,
And when he walked, his sleeves would flap,
For they were rather big, and loose.
His trousers almost reached his shoes,
And fastened at the ankle, tight,
Around his stockings, which were white.
And strange embroidered shoes he wore,
Like none I'd ever seen before.
His coat of silk was black and green,
And then his trousers must have been
The color of a purple plum.
I wondered if he could be dumb,
For when I spoke he never stirred,
And looked as if he hadn't heard.

Then I just stared at him, and he
Looked even harder back at me,
And when I smiled he only stared,—
Would he have smiled if he had dared?
I wonder what he thought about,
And if he'd ever run and shout,
And play with things like you and me.
I wonder how 'twould feel to be
A little Chinese boy like that,
With colored clothes and satin hat . . .
I wonder how the people there
In China, round the world—that's where
He came from—ever stick on, 'cause
They're upside down . . . *perhaps they've claws,*
And hang like Dicky in his cage!
I wonder if they're in a rage
Because they were not put on top—
I'll bet they wish the world would flop,
And put them right side up, for once!
They wouldn't have to do such stunts.
I don't see how they go to bed,
Lying not down, but up, instead.
It's just as if we tried to keep
Up on the ceiling when we sleep.
Oh, dear! I'm *dizzy,* wondering why
They don't fall off into the sky!

IN THE GRASS

I LIKE to lie down in the grass when it's tall,
And listen to hear the wind blowing—
And if I lie still then, the ground sparrows call,
And far off I hear the men mowing.

The grass whispers low to itself as it bows—
I wish I could hear what it's saying;
I wonder if it is afraid of the cows,
And whether it knows of the haying.

I love to lie looking up into the blue,
And study the clouds, and just wonder . . .
I can't think what ever those quiet clouds do
To make them get angry and thunder.

I always take one little cloud for my own;
It sometimes melts into another;
I s'pose that is nicer than floating alone—
I play that it goes to its mother.

The clouds gather sometimes, and cover the sun,
Then open and shut just like winking,

"I LOVE TO LIE LOOKING UP INTO THE BLUE."

And first there is sunshine, and then there
is none—
That's just like my head when I'm thinking.

Sometimes I turn over—the bugs are so
near,
Down under the grass-forest creeping—
And then—why, the world just goes *out*.
It's so queer—
It's just as if I had been sleeping!

WHEN THE BELLS RING

LOVE to hear the bells ring,
Far, far away;
I love them Sunday morning,
When it's a sunny day,
And all is still as it can be,
And every one goes quietly—
It's happy, so, it seems to me—
I do not want to play,
But wonder . . . wonder . . .
Wonder all the day,—
On summer Sundays, somehow,
I do not want to play.

I'd rather sit and wonder
Why the sky is blue,
And why the clouds melt, sometimes,
To nothing, as they do.
And why a bird just sits and sings,
And how it knows to use its wings . . .
And why God made so *many* things . . .
I'm glad He made me, too,
To wonder . . . wonder . . .
Wonder all the day,
On summer Sundays, somehow,
I do not want to play.

PANSIES

OH, I do love pansies, don't you?
They're like folks,
All different as different can be,
Each one with a face that's *alive!* When I coax,
They make funny faces at me.

Of course they look solemn, quite often, I know,
But awfully kind they look, too,
And I'm sure that they are—when I smile, and say, "Oh,
Please smile back at me," why, they do!

THE LITTLE OLD STONE

FOUND a stone so round and old
That Father says it must have rolled
Around when all the earth was ice!
It couldn't have been very nice
To be around when everything
Was crushed and ground and shivering.
Just think . . . I hold it in my hand!
It's pretty hard to understand
How it could live so long, and be
Waiting for just a boy like me.
Did Indian children play with it,
Picking it up, perhaps, to fit
Into a sling-shot made like mine?
How long it lay beneath the pine—
Whether from long and long ago—
Is something I shall never know!

HER DREAM

I DREAMED about us all, as plain
As anything could be—
Mother and Father, Jack and Jane,
And Marjorie and me.

And it was as I told it—so!
It *was!* And I don't care!
But Jack he says he doesn't know,
Because he wasn't there.

But he *was,* too, and we had fun,
There was so much to see,
But now, 'cause I'm the littlest one,
Why, he just laughs at me.

I do not always get things right,
Sometimes I don't know how,
But I *do* know about last night—
I'll just ask Mother—*now!*

THE POT AND THE KETTLE

H, grown-ups know so much, but—pooh!
Instead of "Oh, do stop!" or "Don't!"
They say, "There, there, now—that will *do!*"
When what they mean is that it won't!

But—well, I guess I say a lot
Of funny things I don't mean, too.
I say, "Well, I don't care!" when what
I really mean is that I do!

THE APPLE BABIES

HAT apple tree I thought was dead
Burst right out into blossom!
He guessed 'twas sleeping, Father said,
Or maybe "playing possum."
That means, he said, pretending it
Was dead when it was not, a bit.

Of course it *was* alive, down deep,
Although it didn't look it,
And while it still was fast asleep
Spring came along and *shook* it!
And then it woke, and felt so good
It stretched and sprouted all it could.

And buds—just millions of them—grew
All in a scurry-flurry,
Because they had so much to do;
I s'pose they had to hurry,
To grow and grow, enough each day,
So they could all come out in May.

Oh, I just love to think of how,
If April set me growing,
I'd blossom, too, upon a bough,

And when the wind was blowing,
I'd dance in petal skirts of pink—
It would be wonderful, I think!

But then, such tiny, lovely things
Aren't made for wind and weather,
And most of them turn into wings,
And fly away together,
When breezes make them dance too fast!
For petals are not meant to last.

And soon it rains, in any case,
And they just come in tatters,
And fall in pieces every place,
But then it never matters,
'Cause all those apple babies wear
A slip of green—so *they* don't care!

Their slips fit close, and you can see,
Now that their forms are showing,
That soon upon the boughs there'll be
Real apple children growing!
And there they'll ripen in the sun
Till they are red-cheeked, every one.

What fun to ripen on a tree . . .
Unless a worm should blight you!

"ALL THOSE APPLE BABIES WEAR A SLIP OF GREEN."

And then how *awful* it would be
If somebody should *bite* you!
And eat you up! And what'd you do
If some one made a *pie* of you?

I'd rather be myself, I guess,
And live a little longer;
Petals are sweet, but then a dress
Is quite a good deal *stronger.*
And so, now I have thought it through,
I'm glad that's not the way I grew!

ESCAPE

HEN I've been keeping quiet long,
For punishment, or study time,
When I get out I feel so *strong*—
I run and run, and climb and climb!

THE WIND AND THE STARS

HE wind comes pouncing—the whole
house jars,
And yet the stars shine bright . . .
Why doesn't the wind blow out the stars,
As I blow candle light?

JUNE MORNING

HEN I go out early, and smell of a rose
That's just opened, and look at the sky,
And hear the birds sing, and the wind, as it blows,
I'm so happy I almost could fly!

DAYS

OW, first it was yesterday, then it's today,
And then it's tomorrow. Of course that's the way,
But tomorrows are funny—they never get *here*
Till they're . . . *not* them . . . I think it is awfully queer!

Tomorrows turn into todays, I suppose . . .
But how *do* they? It's funny that nobody knows.
I suppose that it happens out there in the sky,
Where there's no one to see, because no one is by.

If they come through the sky they'd have wings, I should think.
Oh, I wonder if they would be golden—or pink?
I think that I've seen them, at morning and night,
In the sky near the sun, and all feathered and bright.

But the days . . . it is queer . . . you can't
see them, unless
They're just . . . everything . . . too big
to look at, I guess . . .
But then what are they made of . . . and
how do they grow?
And where do they come from? And where
do they go?

AUTUMN

ONE night when it was dark and warm,
I went out doors not knowing
That there was going to be a storm,
But soon I felt it growing . . .
A hush was over everything,
Except the dead leaves scurrying,
And whisper, whisper, whispering,
About the summer going.

And there was such a lonesome smell
Of leaves; the wind was sighing;
There seemed a sort of fairy spell
On things, that they were dying.
I dared not wander far away,
So for a little while I lay
Down in the leaves to think—and play
They were alive, and crying.

I cuddled them, and we lay still,
Just talking to each other;
I did not want to move until
We frightened one another

About the world, and why things died;
And then we—I mean I—just cried . . .
It was so dark . . . and big . . . outside,
I went indoors to Mother.

"THEY CIRCLE AND BOW, THEN SOFTLY FALL."

THE SNOW FAIRIES

LIKE to watch the snow come down,
And cover all the roofs in town,
And all the trees, and everything,
Just flutter . . . flutter . . . fluttering.
It whirls so softly, round and round,
I cannot hear a single sound,
Except a little tinkly-tink
Upon the window pane. I think
That is the music that they make
When all the winter fairies wake,
And dance, and whirl, and wave to me;
And oh, it is such fun to see!
Forward and back, and up and down
Each with a starry flake for crown.
They circle and bow, then softly fall,
And then they do not stir at all. . . .
I'm glad that things aren't really dead,
But just asleep, and put to bed,
Under their coverlet of snow,
Until it's time again to grow.

CONFIDENCES

OMETIMES, when I don't feel right,
I climb on Mother's knee,
And tell her all about it,
And then she talks to me.

Whatever I may tell her,
She always seems to know . . .
I have to wink the tears back,
Because I love her so!

WONDERING

WHEN I am ill, and have to lie
In bed all day, I do not cry,
But think and think, of everything,
And it is such fun wondering!
My body lies upon the bed,
But then my thoughts can leave my head,
And take me with them everywhere,
To walk, or flying through the air.

I light upon the steeple tall,
And I am not afraid at all;
And then I perch upon a tree,
And somehow feel it talks to me.
Or I go traveling in a book,
Or wading, sometimes, in the brook,
And watch the water run and run,
And see it bubble in the sun.

And yet I'm here in bed quite dry,
Within the twinkling of an eye.
I wonder whether thoughts have wings . . .
They are the most peculiar things!
It's queer there are so many kinds,
Living in different people's minds.

Why, though you never hear a sound,
I s'pose they're flying all around!

In all the world what swarms and swarms,
And yet they haven't any forms . . .
I s'pose that's why although there's such
A lot of them, they never touch.
When I am wondering how things are,
My thoughts go, oh, so fast, so far . . .
I wish that they would be as quick
When I must do arithmetic!

I don't know much when I have done,
But wondering is lots of fun!

THE SECRET WISH

BUT must boys *always* be just as brave
as they can?
And they *never* must cry? Well,
but you're a big man—
And now, Father, you don't know how little
boys feel
When they see somefing moving, and maybe
it's *real!*

And it is so creepy, and dark, on the stairs,
That anysing awful might jump at you—
bears,
Or somefing, and suddenly holler out,
"Boo!"
And if they did, what in the world would
you do?

It's so *far* to go up all alone, but I'll try . . .
If she wanted to, bad, could a little *girl* cry?
No, I won't, 'cause of course a brave boy
never would . . .
(But I *'most* wish 'at I was a girl, so I
could!)

BLOSSOMS

WONDER how the blossoms grow,
And when they're growing, if they know
What they will be?
Or whether, all tucked up, down deep,
They grow while they are fast asleep?
That is like me!

How do the colors get inside?
And could they choose them if they tried?
I would be pink.
I wonder how they grow so sweet
With nothing but the earth to eat . . .
It's strange, I think!

And do they like to see the sun,
When they come open one by one?
I'm sure I should!
After I'd lived so long inside
I think I'd love to open, *wide*—
It would feel good!

Do they feel sick when they are old?
And do they shiver when it's cold,

As people do?
They seem so happy, growing there,
I wonder if they think, and care . . .
I wish I knew!

GOOD NIGHT

HEN I feel busy in my head,
I do not like to go to bed.

But when I've got me all undressed,
And bathed, it's nicer than I guessed!

For Mother brushes out my hair,
I have a drink, and say a prayer;

And then I climb into my bed,
With its soft pillow at the head.

It's cool, and it feels good to me,
As comfortable as can be.

And Mother kisses me good night,
And then she presses out the light.

I hear her footsteps go away,
And then—why, it's another day!

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